

STUDENT'S PEN



MARCH - 1935

Fred ARIONI
1935

March, 1935

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THE STUDENT'S PEN

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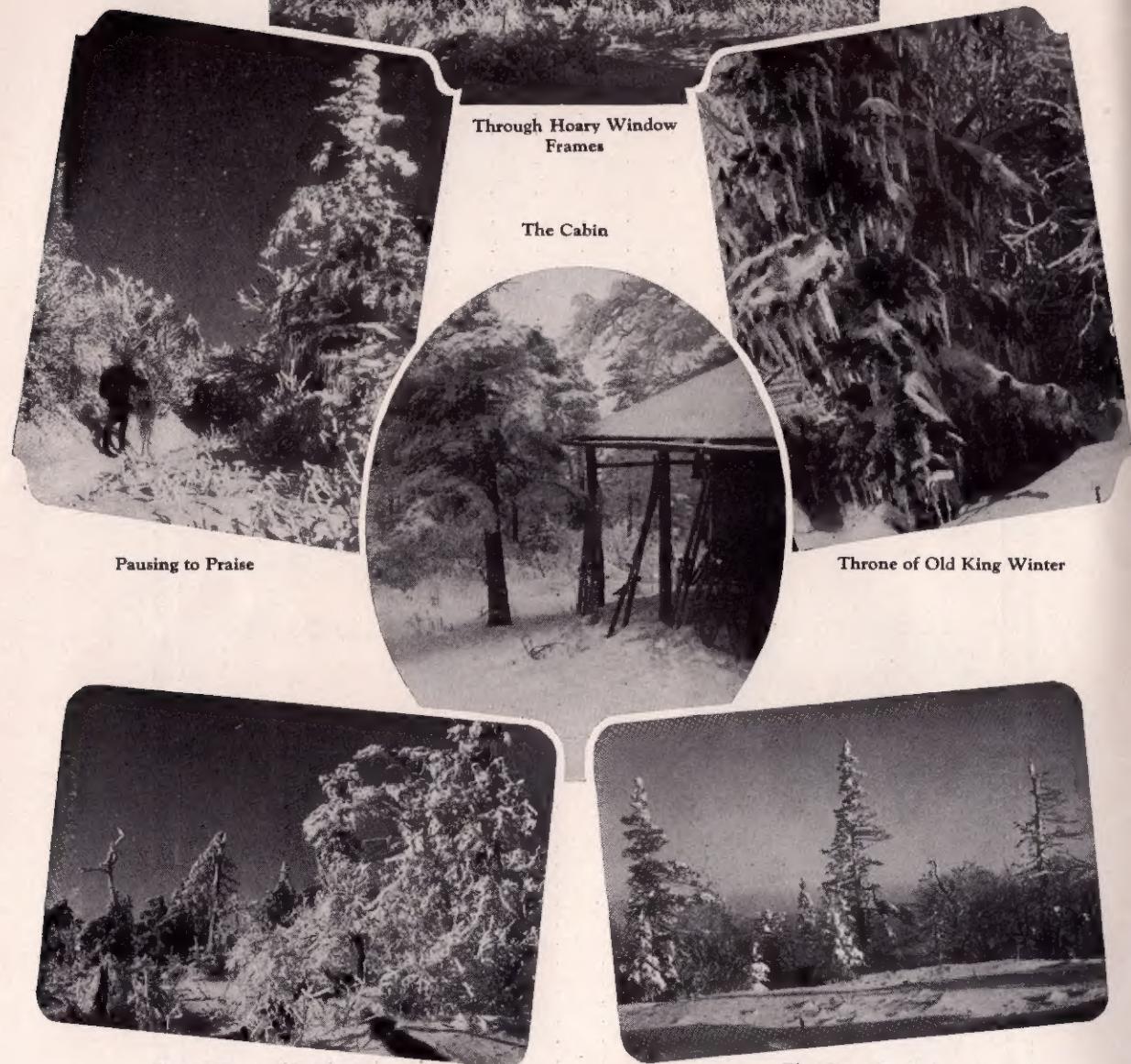
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Cotton Trees of the North

The Three Sentinels



THE MISSING RINK

AFTER a diligent study of equipment available for athletics at our institution, we discover one form lacking in particular. We are alluding to a skating rink. Although not indispensable for the promotion and maintenance of hockey, since there are other rinks which may be utilized elsewhere, it would be a great advantage in having one which we could rightfully call our own. An ideal location for the construction of the proposed rink would be in the rear of our school where there is ample room. Rinks are built in the city's playgrounds, so why not here? If built by ERA workers, it could be accomplished at a trivial expenditure and would not add an additional burden to our municipal school budget. It would remove the necessity of players walking or riding a considerable distance in order to reach a rink where they could practice or play their scheduled games. At the same time, the nearness of the advocated playing surface would mitigate the danger of our boys contracting colds and possibly pneumonia, while returning from practice and game sessions in a sweated and tired condition. This alone warrants its construction. The utilization of our showers and locker room immediately following a game would be greatly appreciated by visiting teams.

All these arguments will be of no avail if the cooperation of the student body is not received. There are some who will say that winter is well-nigh over. 'Tis true, but build for the future; build for the coming year. Remember that results are obtained through action. If you desire a rink, act now. Your most faithful servant, "petition," is at your service. We have introduced the subject, so be winners—FINISH!

"HE WHO CLAPS LAST"

WE turn a familiar proverb into a more familiar habit: "He who must clap last, must clap loudest."

It seems to be a popular sport to be the last individual noisemaker at assemblies. It is evidently an enviable mark of distinction to add a personal explosion of noise after general applause has subsided.

This is a childish trick, borrowed shamelessly from portable school days. Let's cease this provoking habit, confusing to speakers and artists and disgusting to audiences. (And lest we forget:) Art may be long and applause longer, but courtesy and tact live on forever!





-E M DISEN-

HE WHO LAUGHS

QUITE a crowd had gathered for the occasion. They milled and pressed against the crude rope fence which the workmen had constructed, and commented noisily amongst themselves.

There wasn't a man, woman, or child in Beaconville who wanted to have Old Faithful cut down. Why, one couldn't think of Memorial Park without thinking of Old Faithful. For years the mighty oak tree had stood guard over all of the other trees in the park. Through storm and shine, good times and bad, Old Faithful had remained valiant, until it had become an unchallengeable part of the park. That is, unchallengeable until now. The Hon. Wilfred J. Farnsby, Beaconville's wealthiest and most prominent citizen and chairman of the Park Commission, had ruled the tree "a menace to common safety." And as the word of Wilfred J. Farnsby was the law, as far as the Park Commission went, the tree was to be cut down.

The crowd was forced to laugh as they watched the Hon. Mr. Farnsby strutting importantly about and ostentatiously issuing orders to the workmen as they began preparations for the felling of the tree.

Mr. Farnsby was also laughing—inwardly. Old Faithful was coming down! No longer would he be tortured by the mute witness of that horrible scene just fifteen years ago today. Wilfred Farnsby was having the last laugh! With his mind's eye he could see the whole thing, just as plainly as if it were being enacted before him . . .

It was nearly dusk. The shadows of the trees cast sinister shadows all about them as they walked through the park—Peter and he. Peter was talking:

"I tell you, Wilfred, I could scarce believe it! But when I discovered that you had been secretly over-charging Mrs. Hutchins for her rent money and had been doing the same with practically all the rest of our tenants, keeping the money for yourself, I received the shock of my life. However, that might possibly have been forgotten; it's the fact that I should catch you robbing the safe, and realize you're the cause of our numerous money shortages, that angers me. You're a thief, Wilfred!"

"Now, now, Peter; there's no use carrying on like this." Mr. Farnsby attempted patience.

"Carry on?" said Peter. "Carry on? You blame me for being angered against a man whose partnership I've shared for seven years, and who is finally exposed to me as being nothing but a despicable, double-crossing scoundrel?"

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"Peter?" Mr. Farnsby forgot his attempt at patience. "Be careful of what you say; we might be heard?" He glanced nervously about, but there was no one in sight; only the tiny figure of a squirrel scampering along a nearby stone fence.

"You say 'might,'" said Peter, "but, by Heaven, Wilfred Farnsby, people shall hear of this! I'm going to denounce you as the blackguard you are! I'll spare nothing to see you placed behind the bars where you belong. All along you've been laughing to yourself at the trusting fool I was, but now it's my turn to laugh. Remember, he who laughs last, laughs best!"

By this time they had reached Old Faithful. It was here that the roads met: one to the east, one to the west. And it was here that, every night on the way home from their office, the two friends parted: Wilfred to the east; Peter to the west. As usual, they stopped beneath the shadow of the great oak.

"Peter, you're mad!" announced Farnsby. "You've lost your sense of reasoning. Why, you can't do a thing like this; think of what we've had between us—our partnership, our friendship."

"Partnership! Friendship! You can talk about these when you've done everything in your power to destroy them? You can stand there and pose as my friend when for seven years you've been playing me for an idiot, filling me full of lies, and deceiving me? You're a beast, Wilfred—a cold-hearted, ruthless besst—and I'm going to show you up."

Wilfred Farnsby's mind was working furiously. Here was a fool—an ignorant, dramatic fool, who threatened to ruin him. A man whom he allowed to be his partner and with whom he had shared their profits; or had, at least, paid according to his worth. If he should be clever enough to increase his own profits should be he forced to divulge the fact to his partner? Had not this man the same privilege? And now the man dared to threaten him. He was an obstacle. Yes, that's it—an obstacle to success; an obstacle that needed to be removed. The obstacle's voice cut in upon his thoughts.

"I've trusted you, Wilfred. I've let you run the greater part of the business. In everything you've had the lion's share. Now I find you're not a lion—you're a snake!"

And it was then that Wilfred struck—hard and sure. Down they went, rolling and struggling. Fists flew. Bodies heaved and groaned. Blood ran freely. Then Wilfred reached for his pocket. Quickly he jumped back and drew his pocketknife. For one brief instant he stood there poised, and glaring madly at the weakened form of Peter, rose to his feet. For one brief instant there was a calm. Then, like the transformation of wine to water, it was gone. Gone in a flash of steel, a frantic struggle, and a moaning sigh.

Farnsby stood, knife in hand, staring down at the limp form of Peter, lying in a trickle of blood. The dying man's breath was coming in laborious gasps, and his body was writhing with pain. As he leaned against the trunk of the tree, a pencil of light from the moon shone upon him, partially illuminating his ghastly features. Soon, with great effort, he spoke.

"You . . . You think you've won, Wilfred," he said; "but . . . remember . . . what I said: 'he who laughs last . . . laughs best.'" And so saying, he gasped and fell back against the tree . . .

* * * *

That was fifteen years ago—to the very day. It was fifteen years since Peter had gasped those philosophic words. Fifteen years since Wilfred Farnsby had lamented the loss of his beloved partner. It had been fifteen years of torment for Wilfred. Fifteen years of fear and anxiety; of horrible thoughts of capture and disgrace. But he had escaped that

capture; Wilfred Farnsby was a clever man. No need to think of disgrace now. Fifteen years is a long time and people had long ago forgotten Peter Clement. Wilfred Farnsby was now Beaconville's most prominent citizen; and he, too, was not so worried by thoughts of his past.

But lately, for the past two months, he had found it necessary to drive through the park on his way home. Every night he was forced to pass Old Faithful. Every night this mute witness of that horrible scene leered out at him—staring, warning, until at last, tortured beyond comprehension, maddened beyond endurance, he had decided to exercise his authority as chairman of the Park Commission and have the tree cut down.

Two of the men lifted a bucksaw. They advanced to the tree. They drew back the blade and commenced to saw.

Wilfred, standing there and reliving his crime, saw them. He saw Peter leaning against the tree, exactly in the spot where the men had commenced to saw. Peter's lips were moving, uttering those memorable last words. And Wilfred laughed. He laughed because he remembered those words; and there came to him the thought that he, Wilfred Farnsby, was having the last laugh.

Then it happened . . . Down came the huge, rotted limb, strained from its trunk. Down it came—swiftly, crackling, and menacing—and fell . . . on Wilfred Farnsby!

The workmen dropped their saw. The crowd pushed forward, and the police strived valiantly to hold them in check. Wilfred J. Farnsby had been struck! The town's number one citizen and chairman of the Park Commission! Man, what excitement!

The workmen were first to reach the body. And they carried it away—quite dead.

As the body of Wilfred Farnsby passed through the crowd, no smile was upon his lips. No laughter flowed in his heart. There was only a vacant stare. The laughter had gone. Wilfred Farnsby had laughed last.

Or had he?

If one had chanced to glance back at the majestic form of Old Faithful, standing as a mute witness of the scene, they might have noticed that where the workmen had commenced to saw—where Wilfred Farnsby had seen Peter Clement uttering those sinister last words—there was a wide curving scar, made by the saw, stretching from one side of the trunk to the other. And that person would undoubtedly have blamed it upon his imagination if that scar had seemed to resemble a broad smile; the sort of smile of satisfaction one gives when he feels a duty has been fulfilled.

Richard S. Burdick '36

HAPPINESS

In the much sought garden of wealth and power,
Sweet roses of happiness seldom thrive,
But along the simple path of love and service
These priceless blossoms ever grow wild.

Esther Strout '36

IN EARLY MORNING

STRAINING his eyes sharply in a vain attempt to penetrate the opaque density of the fog, the fatigued driver of the huge MacDonald Gas & Oil Company truck with its large trailer sat up tensely and gripped the steering wheel of his machine in firm hands. Slowly he nursed his huge charge in low gear around sharp curves and thanked his lucky stars that he had frequently traversed this lonely stretch of concrete pavement.

"Why did I ever knock down this night driving job?" he ruminated aloud. "Here I sit all alone, night after night. Either I see the same old things when it's clear—or else I don't see anything when it's foggy," he ended in disgust.

With his eyes nearly out of their orbits, he stared blankly into the yellowish paths of dim light that emanated from his headlamps in front of his rumbling giant. Slowly he turned the wheel to the right, following the barely visible outline of the curve and then relaxed slightly as he recognized a short straight length of pavement. Slightly he accelerated his speed and mentally relaxed as he anticipated the hot snack waiting for him at the "Twenty-Four Hour Diner" a few miles ahead. Then he mechanically applied his air brakes as he approached the sharp curve that terminated the straight stretch.

And that was when it happened!

Two dim blurs came out of the fog directly before him and suddenly swerved sharply to the left—but too late! The huge vehicle plowed with a crash into the forward side of the touring car as an armored tank would crush through the side of a barn. The truck operator emitted a forceful grunt as the impact threw him against his steering wheel. Quickly he pressed downward on his foot brake and brought his lumbering machine to a stop with the accompaniment of the crash of breaking glass. Breathing in short gasps while laboring to regain the wind knocked out of him, the driver of the gasoline transport unconsciously turned off his ignition switch, slid along the leather upholstered seat to the further door of his cab and threw it open. With a negligible pain in his abdomen, he stepped into a damp, clammy and cheerless atmosphere ominously silent except for the dripping of water from some nearby foliage.

Swiftly he ran around the front end of his oil truck and hastened to open the unlocked front door of the sedan he had struck through no fault of his own. Thrusting his head and shoulders within the sadly battered wreck, the truck operator directed the beams of his flashlight, which he had had the presence of mind to remember, upon the ghastly spectacle of a man whose legs were queerly turned and pinned to the floor beneath a stove-in dashboard. A further examination revealed the horrible sight of blood streaming down the elderly person's face. A large, jagged splinter of flying glass had stabbed him in the temple.

"He's dead," coldly whispered the truck driver.

Next he flashed his light into the back seat only to find a leather traveling bag on it. Coming back to the front, he beheld in the glare of his light a license holder strapped about the bent steering wheel and rod. Through the celluloid covering he read on the license:

Norman Edwards,
2127 Farmington Ave.,
Farmington, Conn.

"Norman Edwards!" exclaimed the truck driver in mild surprise. "Why,—why, I just read about him in yesterday's morning paper. He's the guy that's running for governor of

Connecticut. He won't do much running now," he soliloquized in a serious, but reverent, tone of voice. "Well," he continued with an air of finality, pulling himself up, "I'll have to report this."

Surveying the damage to his own vehicle, he discovered that the left headlight was badly broken and that the end of his huge bumper was slightly bent inward, almost touching the tire. Nothing at all compared to the damage of the other car, thought he as he climbed into his cab and prepared to back away from the wreck into the clear. After he had disengaged the front end of his barely bruised transport from the side of the battered machine, the truck driver once more descended from his cab and quickly detached his trailer in order to lighten his load. He realized that, although it was two A. M. all possible speed must be made to notify the authorities and have the wreck removed before some unsuspecting late traveler should make the great catastrophe a still greater one by driving into it.

A two-mile drive at a high, but cautious, speed finally brought him to the diner. Inside the state police barracks were swiftly contacted by telephone. To the inquiry of the answering policeman the main facts were revealed with a request to hasten at once to the accident. Knowing it would be a futile waste of time to drive back to the scene of the accident in his huge transport, the truckman laconically related what had happened in answer to the excited interrogations of the lunch-cart's proprietor, while he gulped down the contents of a scalding cup of unsweetened coffee and peered out into the fog, awaiting the arrival of the police car which would pick him up. Within ten minutes he heard the whirring siren and approached the side of the road where he was hurried into the rear seat of the patrol car. After he had directed the chauffeur of the police car, he settled back to enjoy a short respite.

"When did it happen?" questioned the individual at his left.

"Less than half an hour ago."

"How?" he continued.

"I'm not sure, but I think the other car was going very fast and tried to cut the curve short; then he bumped into me before either of us really saw the other's lights," was the explanation supplied.

"You say the man was killed?" interrogated a physician in the car.

"Yes, because he had a sharp piece of broken glass sticking out from his temple."

"What about the other occupants of the car?"

"There weren't any."

"What's your name?"

"Richard L. Atwood, a night driver for the Macdonald Gas & Oil Company."

"Address?"

"12 Darwin Street, Manchester, Conn."

"Let's see your license," was the curt command, as the swift police auto drew up to the wreck. Two men were detailed to watch for and warn any oncoming traffic while the others approached the badly damaged car. The physician quickly verified the manner of death and gave way to the probing police officers.

"He's the guy who's running for governor of this state, isn't he?" inquired Atwood with calm concern when he perceived a policeman reading the license.

Turning the dead man's head towards him, the detective gazed at his features without saying anything for several minutes and then turned slowly towards Atwood.

"Well, you see it's like this. About ten o'clock last night we got a message by tele-type warning us to watch for a Connecticut car whose license number was K L 226. This is it. You see, the owner was found by a New York State cruiser. He was lying unconscious in a ditch. When the guy regained consciousness, he told them that somebody had bummed a ride from him and then held him up at the point of a gun. He was forced to change clothes with the crook; then, he had to leap from the speeding car. This jump is what knocked him out, for he fell to the side of the road and rolled into the ditch. That guy was the real Norman Edwards; this stiff here is Magnet Johnson, who escaped from Sing Sing early yesterday morning."

Winston Roulier '35

THE BEAUTIES OF THE SNOW

THE familiar factories and mills puffed huge black columns of smoke out of their towering sentinel chimneys and contributed their daily soot to the already too dirty manufacturing city.

Walking through one of the busiest and dirtiest streets, I realized more than ever how I hated it all. An extreme feeling of depression surged within me. I hated the loud, shrieking whistles, the noisy, deafening machines, and the dirty black smoke. Only one thing, I mused, could transform this filthy city into a clean sparkling one, and that was a heavy snowfall. The air certainly was cold enough, and the heavy white clouds above would make anyone hopeful.

Almost in answer to my thoughts little white flakes began falling on all sides of me, and on top of me. At first, they came in a soft, silent, hesitant manner as though they loathed the idea of soiling themselves through contact with dirty buildings and streets. Then the charitable thought of purifying the city with their white bodies seemed to eliminate all selfish consideration. Each one forgot his own milky whiteness and with admirable determination increased his speed and size. Each one in his graceful flight urged his predecessor to more haste that they might all fulfill their duty in making the city more picturesque.

Before many half hours had passed there was a beautiful ermine cape spread over all the sordid streets,—spread as majestically as ever Sir Walter Raleigh spread his mantle for Queen Elizabeth.

As dusk came upon the city, the factories stopped work and men and women returned to their homes.

The snow, still falling, brought, with the lull of business, a most satisfying peace and quiet.

As I came towards the lighted residential sections, I saw that nature was painting her most charming scene. The branches of each tree were being frosted by the invisible hand of a skillful chef. As he frosted each one of his cakes with the ease of an expert workman, he placed upon each a lacy design too beautiful for an artist to paint and too intricate for a poet to describe.

I was in a fairy wonderland too fragile for me to tread in,—in a land in which I am allowed only to marvel and to dream.

Isabelle Knollmeyer '36

UH-PUN MY WORD

(With apologies to the faculty)

ONCE upon a time there was a BAKER who was too busy satisfying the CARMEL epicurean desires of his customers to take proper CAREY of his children. One son helped him in the bakery as a gRIESER; but the others, he decided, should have a tutor to supervise them. It happened that there was in his WARD a NUGENT, STEWART CARMODY, who had just come into the neighborhood. As STEWART was new to the place, he did not know the terrible reputation of the children. The BAKER very MEEHANLY resolved to take advantage of this, and he therefore asked the young man to come to him about the matter.

"They're really very well-behaved children," the scoundrel told him. "In fact, they're one of the greatest JOYCE of this whole city."

"But," STEWART protested, "I'm no DALY supervisor for brats."

"Well, we never know what's INNIS till we try. I'll give you eight dollars a day."

"Is that all?"

"WHITIMIRE do you want?" the BAKER queried. "You know very well that you can't afford to miss this job."

And it was thus that our hero, STEWART CARMODY, became the tutor of the BAKER's children. But now let us look into his first day at the job as he takes the children sliding.

Scarcely had the children been out of the house but they began to HAYES him. STEWART felt like LYNCHING the BAKER for criminal deception. Such sweet children! He would, he decided, like to stri—

"Oh, Mr. CARMODY, here we are!"

"Oh, Mr. CARMODY, will you slide with me?"

"Oh, Mr. CARMODY, will you—"

"Come on, children," STEWART called in his most persuasive voice, although in his heart he was seething. "Right this way, children. Now we're all going to have a good time sliding if you're all careful of those HODGES at the foot of the hill. And if Johnny begins to cough, bring him to me and I'll give him a SMITH Brothers'. All right."

Just about this time Mary began to cry, and STEWART had to PARKER in some dry MILLET grass in an open spot at the top of the hill. There she LEAHY on the ground, kicked her heels, and sobbed.

"Don't KRI-GERlie," STEWART admonished her. "You'll be all right." Already he was filled with reMORSE for taking this job. And just then Bob came puffing up the hill.

"Say, Mr. CARMODY, I slid DOWNS the hill all the way, and here I am already. I bet I'm like HERRICKules!"

"You're ENRIGHT there," Stewart commented tactfully. "That comparison is a very GOODWIN."

"In fact," said Bob, "in CASEY you don't know it, I bet I can lick you! Ask my brother Roy if I can't."

"CONROY tell me anything about it?" STEWART sneered. "He's almost as bad as your sister Alice."

"Alice's the brightest girl in HERBERG!"

"She's as bad as the DENISONS of the jungle, you young whelp. And about as pretty as the HOLLY on last year's Christmas wreaths."

"Don't RILEY me, CARMODY, or I'll knock your block off!"

About this time STEWART began to wish he were home in his old MORRIS chair. But he was game, more POWER to him, and he tried to stick it out; and this even though he was already having visions of PFEIFFERS playing *Gates Ajar* while his body was wafted over the River JORDAN by the angels.

But woe was STEWART CARMODY! He could not be MURRAY while his charges made ready to exterminate him. CORCORAN his anger like a bottle and GEARYing himself for a great effort, he suddenly turned and ran away at full speed, crying out *a la Tosta* and Lowell Thomas as he fled:

"SOLON—but not until tomorrow!"

(This is the end; McKENNA tell no more).

Charles Kline, Jr. '36

SNOW FURY

THERE is something formidable and overpowering about being caught up in a real snow storm. It is an experience that makes one well aware of the insignificance of man and machine against one of nature's cruellest weapons, the storm.

The sky had been overcast all afternoon; a grey, lifeless shadow hung over everything. The stillness was unbearable and the occasional sight of a tiny flake predicted that the stillness was only the calm before the storm. Twilight fell like a blanket over us and it was then that the snow began to come down—lightly at first—then heavily. The visibility was unbelievably poor on the road and the fear of riding off into space became uppermost in our minds; consequently, we slowed our car down to a snail's pace. Soon so swiftly did the snow fall that the road was obliterated. If ever one were to experience helplessness, this surely was the time. Night came suddenly and the futility of the head-lights was maddening. The flakes were like tiny darts of electricity coming swiftly toward the windshield. We were about to give up in despair and to wait upon whatever was to come, when, miraculously, as if repenting her sudden anger, Mother Nature desisted. Calm once again reigned supreme.

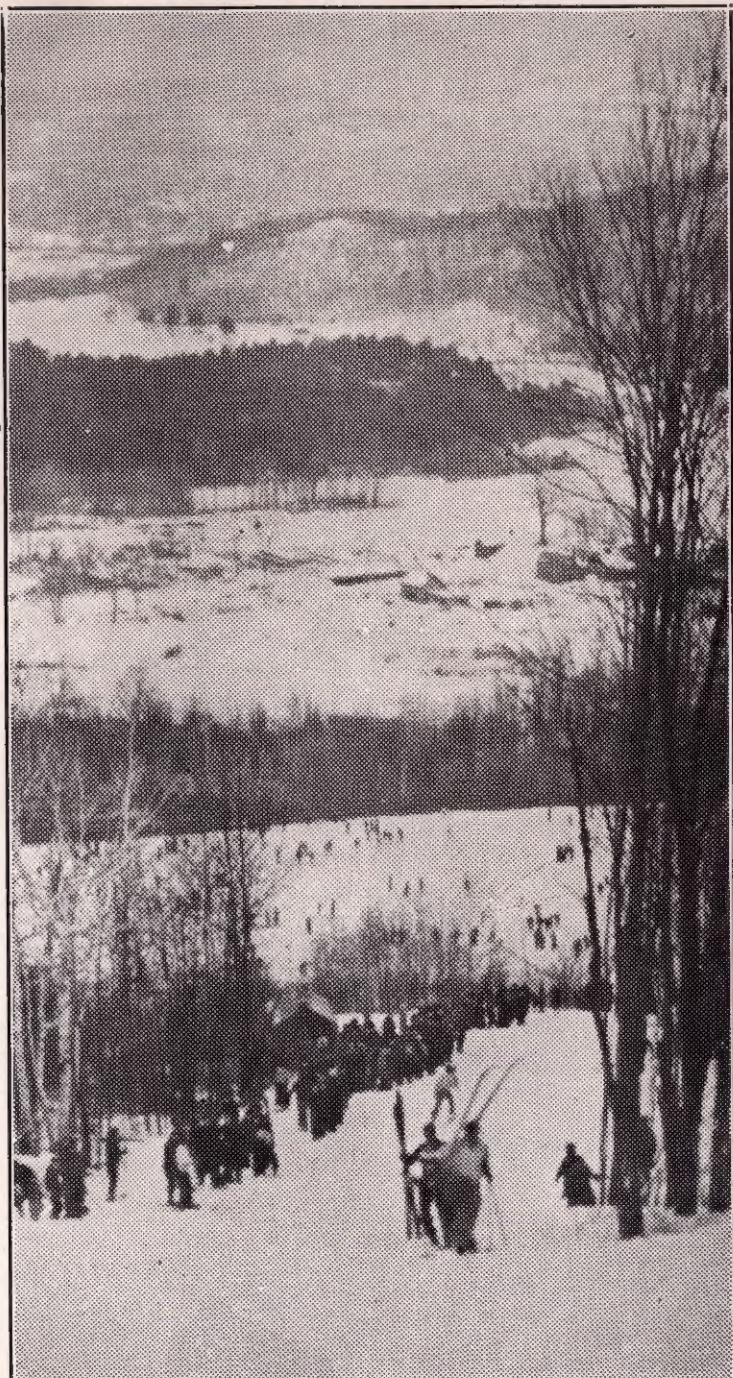
Mildred Klein

A hypocrite is a boy who goes to school with a smile on his face.

* * * *

From the math department comes the following definition of a boarding house strawberry shortcake.

A circular solid, every point in whose perimeter is equidistant from the strawberry.



ON SKIING

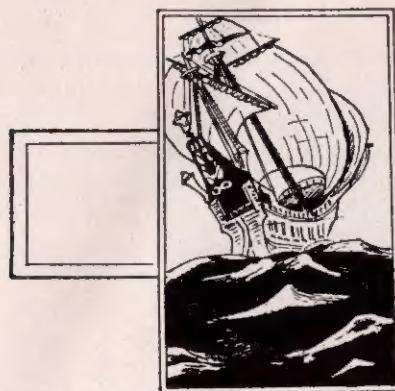
ONE source of never-failing fun is skiing. It is marvellous the amount of enjoyment one can have with two skis, properly waxed. I know that from the time I first tried skiing I have always enjoyed it, save for those intervals when, after a precipitous descent of the hill following which I came to rest upon my cranium, I sat on one offending ski and ruefully watched the other make its hasty way beneath a huge snowdrift, while I bit my lips in an endeavor to keep from giving vent to my feelings in unprintable expletives. Such little events are certainly not pleasant, but the thrills of skiing more than make up for the spills. It is great sport to hoist your skis to the top of a good, high hill, thrust your size eight overshoes beneath the straps of said skis, and having warned all that you are about to descend, with a wild waving of your arms shove off. "Shove" is right. Because your skis refuse to budge on the first try, some helpful clown with a perverse sense of humor comes along and gives you a push that sends you flying, skis and all. Your feet just whizz through those snow drifts. Great snakes! There's the bump! With a quick movement you lean forward, tense with fear, doubt, hope. You're going to fall—Gee, but it's fast—No, you're not going to after all. You've gone over the worst bump. You slow down a little; from there it's smooth sailing. You slacken even more; you stop. With a quick leap you jump out of your skis, pick them up, knock off the snow, put them over your shoulder, wave triumphantly to the top of the hill, "Made it!", plow your joyful way through the foot-deep snow taking good care not to interfere with the ski track. Isn't this the height of enjoyment?

I, for one, have always found it so, even when, as a beginner, I sometimes became discouraged, and for variety, sat on my skis with other pals of the same lowly tastes and attempted to toboggan down the hill. When I was learning to ski, I tried the little hill, but after about three trips, I disdainfully turned to the big hill. I craved excitement, even at the price of one or several throw-me-downs. I got them—not at first, however. Providence was kind and infused the love of skiing, which once in, never comes out, into my veins before putting out a foot to trip me. My first few trips were fairly successful and by the time I did begin to fall, I was much more accomplished in the noble art of skiing and had quite perfected the art of falling gracefully.

There are many forms of falling. One is to start your downward course with one foot a little in advance of the other. By hastening the speed of one ski and retarding the speed of the other, at the same time extending one arm forward and the other back and giving a little leap into the air, you will cause yourself to resemble a star (Yeah, a falling star) thereby astounding all bystanders. Turn yourself slowly around in midair in a graceful whirl three times, meanwhile meditating upon some ingenious device by which you may land in one piece. Another way is to rush gracefully to the top of the hill, fling your arms up in the air, and about halfway down, clap your heels together, and dive forward. While this is not so elegant as the first one, it is nevertheless effective. It is known as the tailspin. Still another way is to start out as if for an ordinary ride, then unexpectedly sit down on your skis. That's fun—if you land right.

Closely related to falling is ski jumping. The nearest I ever came to ski jumping was once at a time when there was a big pile of snow at the bottom of the hill. I skied down and was thrown for a few feet when I landed most comfortably in the same pile of snow which I was then navigating. I have never really tried ski jumping, but if any of you wish to take it up as a pastime, all I can say is, "Happy landing!"

Catherine Donna



POETRY

TO A SKI-JUMPER

Oh, how can you take your life in your hands
And leap with such reckless abandon
Though I know that your take-off is perfectly timed,
Your landing seems so much at random!

You rush down the run like a shot from a gun,
You're crouched as a tiger for springing,—
Then, into the air with the speed of the wind,
Your arms to the high heavens flinging!

Oh, man, don't you wish as you hurtle through space,—
The world and its safety beneath you,—
That you'd stayed below with the rest of the folk
Who're waiting with envy to greet you?

But now with a flourish you glide to a halt,
Just see how the crowds 'round you hover!
And now that you're down on the ground once again,
You're anxious to do it all over!

Mary O'Boyle '35

March, 1935

[17]

MARCH'S STORM TROOPS

March's storm troops rage without,
Under bridge and over spire,
Shrieking, "Hai! Look out, look out!"
Wailing—like a ghostly choir.

March's storm troops rage without,
Snatching hats and mussing hair,
Whisking ladies' skirts about,
Scurrying swiftly here and there.

March's storm troops rage without,
Voicing wrath, in wild crescendo,
Crying, "Hai!" "Come out, come out!"
But I'm in—looking out—the window!

I know too well chill March's troops,
I've fought against them all before;
So, closer to the fire I stoop,
While the storm troops—storm the door

Robert Perry

ASPIRATION

In the falcon dwells my spirit;
In his carefree flight, my life.
May I all his powers inherit,
To rise above this lowly strife,
And with him as my companion
Soar into the sky above,
To dip and swoop and plunge at random
And know of nothing but to rove.

And when my earthly life is past,
May I the blue above me win.
Upward, upward, till at last
A greater heaven takes me in.

Stanley Scott '36

MOONLIGHT

Why should there be such nights as this;
A moonlit sky—a snow awed hill,
And youth, and warmth, and laughter,
And peace at heart and happiness—
With sound sleep coming after?

Might it portray eternity?
For life is bright as moonlit nights,
And formed of youth and laughter,—
An hour of joy when hearts are high,
And sleep forever after.

Mary O'Boyle '35

YOU AND THE LIBRARY

By Francis H. Henshaw, librarian of the Berkshire Athenaeum
as told to Charles Kline, Jr.



FRANCIS H. HENSHAW

the benefit of scholars and students. A number of the remaining are gradually being removed; for the modern library, like any growing garden, needs weeding. However, if the books you want are not in the collections here, they can be secured from other libraries. Practically any book in any library in the United States—except new ones still in extensive circulation—may be obtained through your local Library. The only charge made is the slight cost of postage.

And this is only one of the special services the Library offers you. We have, for example, a file of criticisms of current motion pictures on hand. Our special collection of books on Massachusetts and local history and genealogy is one of the most valuable in New England. And probably the most important and useful of all to you is our information service. Merely telephone us and ask for the knowledge you wish—we won't ask why you want it, but we will do our best to find it for you. Most of the inquiries which appear in Question and Answer columns could have been answered by a call to the Library. Try us some time; you will find the staff always willing to help.

I cannot here tell you of all the interesting things at the Library. As an example there is the preservation of old town and county records which is now going on. And we are now bringing together the old and rare books of the Library into one proper place. Some of these are really ancient—I might mention a beautifully decorated manuscript *Book of Hours*, or prayer book, written about 1440, some years before the invention of printing.

There are several volumes from the presses of early European printers—early incunabula, as they are called, from Germany and Italy. Among others, there are several copies of the *New England Primer*, an early New England school book printed in several different localities. Ours are all from western Massachusetts.

More and more people are coming to use the Library. 2,200 more books were taken out this February than in the same month last year. Since the re-opening on December 10, 4,928 adults and 1,296 children have borrowed books—practically one out of every seven people in Pittsfield. We are happy to have them come; we will be still happier to have more come. The Library is a working tool—and a tool designed for your use.

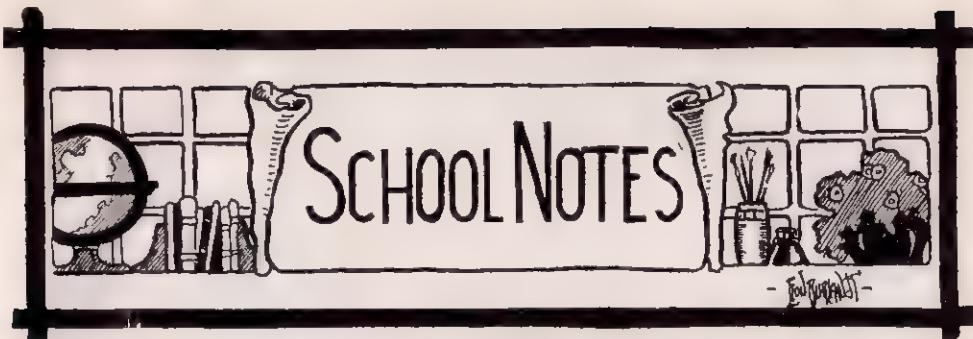
"TAMING OF THE SHREW"

Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua	John Carmody
Vincentio, a merchant of Pisa	Milon Herrick
Lucentio, suitor to Bianca	Joseph McMahon
Petruchio, a gentleman of Vienna	John Joyce
Gremio, suitor to Bianca	Milon Herrick
Hortensio, suitor to Bianca	James Davison
Franco, Lucentio's man	James Conroy
A Pedant, induced to disguise himself as Vincentio	John Leahy
Katherine, the shrew	Elizabeth Enright
Bianca	Katherine McCormick
A Widow, afterward married to Hortensio	Caroline Musgrove
Grumio, Petruchio's man	Francis Jaehnert
Curtis, a cook	Elizabeth McLaughlin
Nathaniel	Joseph McMahon
Peter	James Davison
Joseph	James Conroy
Seamstress and milliner	Helene Millet
Servant to Baptista	Caroline Musgrove

This unusually fine comedy of William Shakespeare was presented by the faculty before a capacity audience on Monday, March 4, 1935. Miss Enright, as the shrew, who was tamed by her husband, Petruchio, was particularly bewitching. The lovely Bianca, played by Miss McCormick, was a lively younger sister, gentle, sweet, and lovely to look at. Every member of the cast played their part with a gusto that gave to characters, that might have been puppets, the vitality that makes them living, breathing people.

There is one adjective that thoroughly defines the faculty undertaking this year—commendable.

Betty Bickford



Louise Foley

Norford Newton, Editor
Richard England

Rosemary Monahan

COMING EVENTS!

A special unannounced assembly will be held on March 26, 1935. It will be of an extremely interesting, but educational type.

In the latter part of April or the early part of May, a Speaking Contest is to be held. A suitable trophy to be awarded by the school will be the prize for which the following students will strive: Peter Barecca, Richard Burdick, Armond Feigenbaum, Helen Fitch, Edward Gebauer, Donald Harrington, Charles H. Kline, Jr., Leonard Kohlhofer, Stanley Konapka, and Benjamin Newman. Entries are not yet closed and you may enter simply by giving your name to Edward J. McKenna. This contest is very similar in plan to the Oratorical Contest. The speeches will be on current topics.

DANCE!

A successful Tea Dance under the auspices of the Physical Training Department was held on February 14, 1935 in the gymnasium. Over seventy-five couples enjoyed dancing to the rhythm of the Shire City Orchestra from three to five P. M. Refreshments were served during the dance.

Among the guests were Vice-Principal William D. Goodwin, and Dean of the girls, Nellie J. Parker.

Plans for another similar dance are in the hands of the Physical Training Department.

MISS POWERS BACK!

We welcome back Miss I. V. Powers who has again resumed her responsibilities as English teacher, after an absence of more than six weeks, due to a broken leg. During three weeks of her absence Mr. Jacoby substituted, but due to a change in his schedule was moved to another school. He was supplemented by Mr. Willard Maloney. Mr. Maloney's fourth period English class was transferred to Miss Madeline Pfeiffer and he in turn took Mr. Davison's fourth period Geology. Mr. Davison now has a fourth period Biology class.

CLASS MEETINGS!

At a recent meeting of the Senior B Class, the following officers were elected: Frank Condron, President; Leo Henault, Vice President; Virginia Wade, Secretary; and Mary Conroy, Treasurer. At a later meeting they elected Dorothy Sharley as Chairman of their Ring Committee.

The Junior A Class met on February 8, 1935 in the auditorium electing the following officers for the present semester: President, William Evans; Vice President, Edward Shogry; Secretary, Lorraine Milliet; and Treasurer, Margaret Hennelly. Miss Margaret Kaliher, instructor, was elected Class Advisor.

FORENSIC GOSSIP!

The members of the Pittsfield High Debating Club under the able guidance of Mr. Harold Lynch presented to a group of one thousand fellow-students and inter-club members a debate on the subject of, Resolved: That a form of self student government should be devised for Pittsfield High School. The upholders of the affirmative were: Charles Miller, Donald Harrington, and Charles H. Kline, Jr., who was the rebutalist. On the Negative team were: Martin Keegan, Armond Feigenbaum and the rebutalist, Richard Burdick. Miss Margaret Kaliher of the History Department, Miss Pfeiffer, Miss Hodges, and Mr. McKenna of the English Department, and Mr. Conroy of the Chemistry Department acted as judges. After a hard fought battle between the two teams, the decision, by a vote of 3-2 was announced in favor of the negative team.

The annual county Debate to be held early in April is well under way. Tentative lists of speakers have been made out and they are feverishly working to make our teams the victors! The subject on which they will debate is, Resolved: That The National Government should give substantial grants for public elementary and secondary education. Our Affirmative team will go into action with the Negative team of Stockbridge and in that town. The Negative team remains here to come to blows with the Affirmative team of Lee. May the best team win!

CINEMA!

At a double assembly held on February 13, 1935 the student body witnessed another moving picture in the series of Historical Chronicles. This showing, "Daniel Boone," interestingly depicted the founding of Boonsborough, the hardships, struggles, courage, and loyalty of Boone and his followers.

Over six hundred Liberal Arts and Technical students attended a lecture given by Charles R. Dalton, a represen-

tative of the Rochester University given on February 14, 1935. Two reels were shown, one pertaining to the boys and young men's activities on the Campus, the other pertaining to the young women's activities, etc. Both films also included views and interior descriptions of the main buildings of the University.

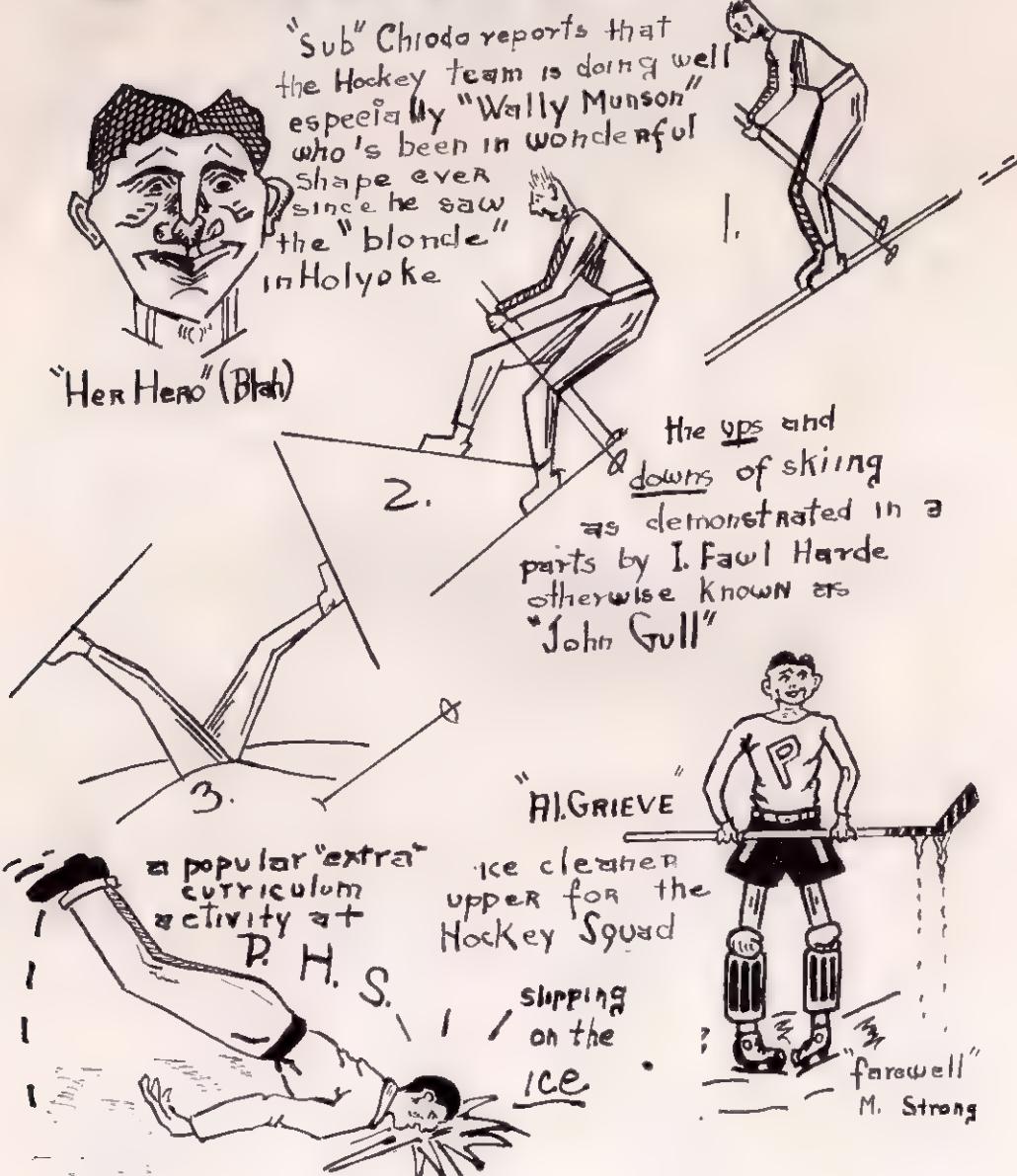
The Biology and Geography classes attended a movie shown by John P. Leahy and his assistants on February 5, 1935. There were several reels on the Production of bananas and oranges.

Dr. Deutsch of the St. Luke's Hospital staff of doctors, showed reels before the sixth period Biology and Geology classes. One of the reels showed how the process of Digestion takes place in the human body, the other showed, through laboratory specimens, the action and effect of coffee and sugar on them. The results were very interesting.

LATIN EXHIBIT!

An exhibition of handicraft done by the students of Miss Conlon's Latin classes was recently held in Room 101. Open to the public this display of handiwork was certainly a success. Included in the display were many posters, maps, models of Roman chariots, soap carvings, etc. The exhibition was staged in the form of a contest; a blue ribbon being awarded to the entry in each class with the greatest number of votes. In the map contest Grace Adriance held first honors while Polly Hopkins took second place. In the drawing contest Jane Cotter won the blue ribbon and Silas Eulian the red ribbon. Ruth Haverly took first prize in the soap carving contest, with Elizabeth Bagenski as her nearest competitor. In the Miscellaneous contest Frank Mason took first place with his section of a Roman road while Edmond Johnson took second with his model of a Roman Catapult. The exhibit was well attended and indeed a success.

WINTER "WONDERLAND"



SKI RUNS OF BERKSHIRE COUNTY

MOST of the ski runs in Berkshire County have been built and developed during the last three years by the Mount Greylock Ski Club and the Civilian Conservation Corps. Five years ago if you had wished to ski, you would have found it very difficult to find a good ski trail.

The Thunderbolt run on Mount Greylock is considered one of the best runs in this state. It was planned by the Mount Greylock Club and built with the help of the Civilian Conservation Corps. Extending for over a mile and a half, this trail slopes to a maximum grade of 35°. The run is so fast and treacherous that at least a foot of snow is needed on the trail before it can be used with safety. This trail was the scene of the Massachusetts State Championship run in February.

Another one of Mount Greylock's ski runs is the Cheshire Harbor trail which extends about two and one-half miles and has a maximum grade of 15°. This run is to be found on the south slope of the mountain, facing Pittsfield.

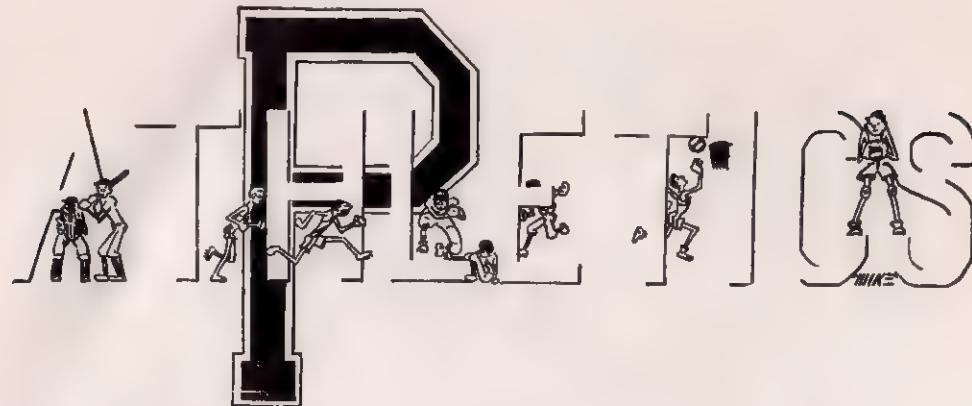
Still another run on this great mountain is the Notch Road run. It is nearly seven miles long, being one of the longest trails in the county. Since the slope is very gentle, little snow is needed for proper skiing conditions.

In Lanesboro we find the Brodie Mountain trail, located on Brodie Mountain in the north of the town. This run while it extends a little over a mile, has a fair incline. Three months is the average skiing season for this trail.

Pittsfield, itself, boasts of some excellent runs. The Ghost Trail, located in the Pittsfield State Forest at the city's edge near Churchill Road, is one of Pittsfield's best attractions for outsiders. It is only a half-mile long, but it has rather a steep incline. Bassett's Hill has given its name to a trail which is located on its east slope. It extends only eight hundred and fifty yards but it certainly is no easy trail to ski down. As ten inches of snow are needed for proper skiing, the season here is rather short.

Only a fifteen minutes drive from the City Hall is the Bousquet Ski run on Yokum Seat Mountain. The trail because of its steepness is very fast. It extends about seven hundred and fifty yards. On this same mountain at the foot of the trail is an excellent practice hill and a beginner's hill. The Bousquet run has proved to be most popular not only with people residing in the city but also with skiers who have come up on the snow trains from New York.

You cannot but wonder at the ever-increasing popularity of skiing. A champion skier has the balance of an acrobat, the grace of a dancer, the pluck of a parachute-jumper, the timing of a boxer, and steel nerves. Just think what fun it is to go down a hill at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour. Skiing presents just enough danger to make the sport thrilling. Now do you wonder why people come hundreds of miles to be able to go skiing on the ski trails of Pittsfield.



WINTER SPORTS CLUB

APPROXIMATELY twenty-five members of our school have formed a Winter Sports Club. These twenty-five have selected Donald Corley as president, and Ernest Cancilla, secretary. The club has been divided into four groups with a chairman heading each, as follows: Speed skating—William Carter, chairman; Hockey—Donald Reynolds, chairman; Bobsledding—Donald Graves, chairman; Skiing—Donald Reed, chairman.

The prime objective of the club seems to be the acquisition of as much enjoyment as possible from Old Man Winter. And it seems to be succeeding. A group goes skiing every week-end, and one day a few bobsledded down the precipitous slopes of Mt. Greylock. When the snow train arrived from New York on February 10, a large group visited the Bousquet Ski Run and enjoyed the outing with the visitors.

WINTER SPORTS

The winter-sports germ has attacked the Berkshires. Snow trains, ski runs, ski jumps, speed and fancy skating exhibitions, all are symptoms of the disease that has assailed the county. Our own P. H. S. has been inoculated with the germ that is now circulating in the school's red blood, and presence of which is evidenced by a school hockey team and a Winter Sports Club. Let us analyze these symptoms.

P. H. S. HOCKEY TEAM

Instructed by Coach Chiodo, our skaters have fairly well acquitted themselves, though handicapped by lack of equipment, games, and a convenient practice rink. Hockey in P. H. S. is yet in its infancy, but is being nursed along by the spirit of the players and the conscientious zeal of the coach. A few years should see hockey a real major sport at P. H. S.

INTRAMURAL INTEREST

Coach Carmody has succeeded in arousing interest in intramural basketball to fever pitch among the boys. Twenty teams have been formed and these have been separated into leagues, according to the year of the players. The Sophomore league consists of ten teams, the Junior league has five, and the Senior league a like number. Games are played after school, and there is considerable rivalry among the teams. Play-offs between winners of the three leagues will take place after the close of the season.

March, 1935

[25]

An intramural council, similar to that of last year, has been formed. George Haylon, representing the Senior A class, has been reappointed chairman of the council with assistants including: Max Eisner, representing the Senior B class; James Sweeney, Junior A; John Retallick, Junior B; Richard England, Sophomore A.

BASKETBALL

The Pittsfield High hoopsters finished a successful season in an impressive manner by defeating St. Joseph's of Pittsfield and Bennington High respectively. These victories advanced our team from seventh place to second in the North Berkshire High School Basketball League. Pittsfield High succeeded in winning ten out of sixteen scheduled games. Eight of these victories were league tilts, while the other two games were wins over Berkshire Prep and our Alumni. At present, Pittsfield is tied with Williamstown for second place. An unusual situation exists in this year's league race in that seven out of the eight teams entered, have percentages of 500 or better. The only exception is St. Joseph's of North Adams, having won but one game.

Pittsfield High's opportunity for winning the championship was impaired by the absence from the squad of Captain John Gull and John Foley, two capable guards, who were stricken with appendicitis early in the season. Also, the loss of Lester Balmer, rangy center, due to mid-year graduation was also felt. In view of these adverse circumstances, our boys did very well in finishing in second place.

Pittsfield High won the fourth consecutive city series championship by defeating St. Joseph's two straight games. The first game was played on the Saint's home court and resulted in a 33 to 16 score. The second contest was played on our court and it ended with the score 25 to 19, in our favor. The first game was won with apparent ease, while the second was more closely contested. As is always true, the games between our school and the parochial boys were extremely interesting. Hill, Balmer, and Cusson were the leading scorers in the first meeting with St. Joseph's. In the second engagement Marra, Cusson, and Hill led in the scoring field.

Coach Stewart will have a problem confronting him next year when basketball candidates are called out, for the mainstays of this year's varsity squad will be lost through graduation. Those graduating are: George Hill, John Prodgers, Frank Mlynarczyk, James Ferry, Anthony Marra, and George Betts. However, Coach Stewart can be relied upon to build a good team with William Evans, Daniel Carey, Alfred Polidoro, and Robert Cusson as the nucleus.

Pittsfield High scored 414 points during the sixteen games played, as against 332 for our opponents. The leading individual scorers on our team were as follows: Hill, 100 points; Cusson, 85 points; Marra, 75 points; Balmer, 58 points; Mlynarczyk, 47 points; and Prodgers, 15 points.

After careful consideration, the STUDENTS' PEN sporting staff picks the following All North Berkshire Basketball Team:

De Vito of Bennington	R.F.
Mahoney of Drury	L.F.
Hill of Pittsfield	C.
Kanappe of St. Joseph's P.	R.G.
Rand of Drury	L.G.

The Pittsfield High School schedule and scores for the season 1934-1935, appear below:

Date	Day	Place	Team Played	P.H.S.	Opp.	
						Score
December	14	Friday	At	Berkshire Prep	48	12
"	21	Friday	At	Adams	12	17
January	2	Wednesday	Here	Alumni	19	18
"	5	Saturday	Here	Williamstown	16	12
"	9	Wednesday	At	St. Joseph's N. A.	34	16
"	11	Friday	At	Bennington	32	28
"	14	Monday	F.M.	St. Joseph's P.	33	16
"	18	Friday	At	Drury	22	28
"	23	Wednesday	Here	Dalton	24	25
"	25	Friday	Here	Drury	12	25
February	1	Friday	Here	Adams	21	13
"	6	Wednesday	Here	St. Joseph's N. A.	23	18
"	8	Friday	At	Williamstown	33	25
"	15	Friday	At	Dalton	28	35
"	18	Monday	Here	St. Joseph's P.	25	19
"	21	Thursday	Here	Bennington	32	25
Total season's points				414	332	

TRACK

The prospects for the coming track season appear bright. Even the graduation of Captain Ryan, miler; Michleman, high jumper; Zarvis, hurdler; Foote, half-miler; and Balmer, weightman, cannot keep Pittsfield from being a leading contender for the Berkshire County Track Championship. Such trackmen as "Bud" Holden, Lloyd Gross, "Buddy" Evans, George Dominick, "Bunker" Hill, Peter Kellar, Nils Hagstrom, and Alex Bachuszewski, will do much to keep the track championship at our school. Coach Carmody's charges can be relied upon to make a good showing. Track candidates are expected to be called forth soon.

SKILLFUL SKIERS

Rugged Eddie Koenig, a Senior B, entered the interscholastic ski meet held by the Mt. Greylock Ski Club at the Bousquet Run February 23, and upheld P. H. S.'s honor by capturing first place in the slalom race, second in the downhill, and third in the cross-country. His time in the slalom run was 29.04 seconds.

Also in the same meet, Robert Johnson won the downhill race for juniors. John Schofield captured second place in the slalom event. Several other Pittsfield students entered the meet, giving creditable performances and providing stiff competition.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

While aquatic-minded maidens are winning new laurels for P. H. S., other athletic young women keep the gym in such constant demand that only the utmost tact on the part of our instructors prevents a clash in schedules.

Plans for an exhibition to be held in the near future are well under way. If reports prove true it will be the biggest, finest, and most spectacular of its kind ever witnessed in our gymnasium. Among the most important events is a waltz under Miss Ward's direction, called "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" and warranted to make the original daring young man hide in shame. And for you who take your art seriously, Miss McLaughlin's "Extase" group offers a fine piece of work originally called the "Dance of the Redeemed."

* * * *

Here's hope for basketball fans. Though Pittsfield High has played her last game this season the best is yet to come. The girls' department will soon be playing for the interclass championship. Last year the juniors won the tournament and will defend their title as seniors. Although the sophs are shaping up in fine style the opposition will be strongest in the junior team where such veterans as "Bunny" Millet and Rita Cullen present a constant menace to the senior team which has been further strengthened by the appearance of Edith Scace who was missing from the court last year.

* * * *

On Friday evening, February 8, 1935, P. H. S.'s mermaids again bettered St. Joseph's swimmers by a score of 31-16. Although the absence of Claire Germaine, back crawl, and Dorothea Poulin, breast stroke, slightly weakened the Purple and White team, the girls "came through" with flying colors.

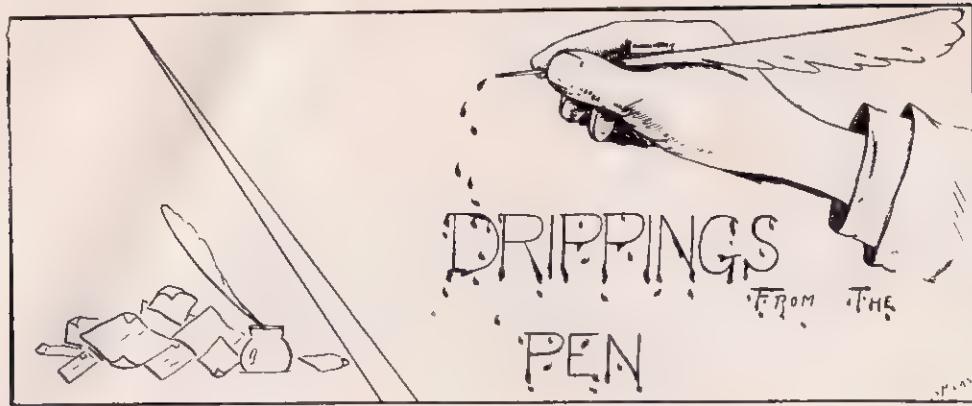
Dorothy Choiniere, in her last appearance for P. H. S., placed first in free style. Her time for this twenty-five yard event was fourteen seconds, which is a time acquired by few swimmers. She was also a member of the varsity relay team which broke, by 4/5 of a second, the pool record formerly held by a New Haven team. Hats off to "Dot"!

Barbara Gamwell, in her first and very successful swim for the team, placed first in back crawl with Marion Sinclair third. Margaret Flynn and Margaret Fagley placed first and third respectively in breast stroke.

Lloydann Perry and Ida Lightman gave an outstanding performance in diving and tied for first place. The medley relay event was easily captured by Pittsfield's team which was composed of Barbara Gamwell, Margaret Flynn, and Lloydann Perry.

"Dot" Choiniere, Alecia Olinto, Margaret Fagley, and Roma Levy comprised P. H. S.'s relay team which, although the girls swam a fast race, lost to St. Joseph's by a very small margin.

This is the second time that St. Joseph's swimmers have lost to the Purple and White team. Another meet with St. Joseph has been planned for the near future. In addition to the regular meet, the girls will compete for excellence in life-saving.



Did you know that:—

Today was tomorrow yesterday, but today is today just as yesterday was today but is yesterday today and tomorrow will be today tomorrow which makes today yesterday and tomorrow all at once.

* * * *

Hush money could be used to good advantage on a saxophonist.

* * * *

Senior A English students seem to be slightly confusing terms. A certain brilliant student called "Tiny" when asked to identify Macrobius, thinking he was in Biology, said it pertained to germs.

* * * *

It is rumored that the expression "Step on it, kid," originated at the time of Sir Walter Raleigh, when he laid down his cloak for Elizabeth.

* * * *

Just Advice

You can never drive a nail with a sponge no matter how hard you soak it.

* * * *

We have never heard of an absent-minded professor who was so absent minded as to mark an absent student present or to give a high mark to a flunker. Have you?

* * * *

Miss Hodges: "Define Attic poetry."

Senior A: "Poetry written in the attic."

* * * *

Formula for Success

Keep your eyes open and your mouth shut (for eating grapefruit reverse the process).

* * * *

Miss Casey: "We will now review the first seventeen lessons. What part do you feel weak on, Mr. Sears?"

Sears: "In the first eighteen lessons."

* * * *

"There's something birdlike about her."

"What makes you think so?"

"She has a hawk nose."



Babu Lal, Jaiswal High School, Mirzapur Magazine, Mirzapur, India.

We are singularly impressed by your magazine. Never before have we reviewed a publication which conveyed the high ideals and feeling of brotherhood among the students more forcibly.

Since you have included in your magazine only business with the exception of the interesting stories, we think it would be fine to try to stimulate an interest in poetry writing. If some particular pupil is artistically inclined, why not have him draw an appropriate cover or frontispiece? Too, you might include a little humor and a cartoon or two. All these variations would help to make your publication still more interesting and permit the student body to appreciate more deeply the serious type of articles now contained in your magazine.

Leith Academy Magazine, Leith Academy, Edinburg, Scotland.

From across the sea comes *The Leigh Academy Magazine* with its "Society Notes", a clever column about current happenings.

The many poems throughout your magazine made it especially attractive.



If we told that Mr. Hennessey's nickname was "Turk", a thing we won't do, of course, a certain Junior A would spend time at home for Mr. Hennessey threatened expallation if it came out.

* * * *

If Mr. Leahy had been a pupil many a teacher in the faculty play would have taken a vacation so that pupils would forget that the teachers hadn't learned their parts. (Remember that the pupils were asked not to chew gum for it detracted the would-be actors?)

* * * *

Special Note about the Junior Prom:

Mr. Hennessey was forced (not to be taken literally) to toast, "George Washington who never told a lie" at the Prom. Could this be because he told students he couldn't dance?

Sincerely yours, *Len*

On the Editor's Desk



(After our own journal:)

When considering this department, we are a bit timid about this editor job. Writing odds and ends is one of our relaxations, but writing beginnings—and middles—and ends is not. Besides, our predecessor's standard is high.

We should someday like to write a discourse on a certain subject, magnetism of which will draw and hold all for whom it is intended. The subject will be on human and humane beings, those of us who do what we do to satisfy our own sometimes well-meant indulgences, and those of us who do what we do to preserve someone else's belief in his own good name. Remarks not wisely weighed bring disaster often to others and generally to oneself. Restraint in remarks brings respect generally from others but always to oneself. Consideration of the feelings of a guilty criminal is generous and divine, but consideration of the feelings of an innocent acquaintance or friend is obligatory—and blessed.

MARCH of time: There is such an earthy smell clinging to the air these days. From an early morning pungency that seems drenched in wood and dew, the atmosphere mellows to an early evening dampishness of slanted sunrays and a wind like a rising tide of whips and stinging blasts. March days are more than ever becoming lively sensations. The earth seems almost a live thing, stirring from a long sleep. It brings to mind Richard the Second's

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand
Mock not my senseless conjuration,
lords . . .
This earth shall have a feeling . . .

Any time: A post of honor is only a hitching post after all . . . suggested title for an autobiography: "Corn on the (Irvin S.) Cobb" . . . why has not someone suggested before, that 1934 was Calender year in Ontario . . . conversation is sudden thoughts . . . a bridge player is one who calls a spade two spades . . . stray thought: "People, other people, make you what you are"—if you let them!

Sudden thoughts: seen on a truck "Miss Berkshire" and see the world . . . We should like to introduce Bernard Adams and Rosalie Dalton to George Lennox . . . and Ray Car(a)mell to Robert Cook and then bring them to a (Mary O') Boyle . . . You'd better stop us, or we'll have you this way too.

A fascinating hobby is words and nuances. A collection of jottings—gather from persons, books, and things, has, topping the list, a phrasing, the rhythm of which is so haunting we find ourselves repeating it aloud: "I made a slip and blush to find it fame." It is J. C. Squire's in his essay, "A Trick of Memory". And was it not Gertrude Stein who observed to someone that: "Remarks are not literature"?

March, 1935

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Another memory-sticker is a line from an essay, "Jonas and Matilda": "Feelings cannot be seen with an opera glass." And we like Elbert Hubbard's "The only thing he feared was self-deception." One of our faculty is credited with this one, in answer to a buy-a-ticket campaign: "Put me down for a question-mark."

But our prize thought-provoker is this gem, originally a summarizing remark on the Townsend Plan. "The benefits go beyond the immediate purchase." Omit "purchase" and substitute "chance remark", or "thoughtfulness", or "unso-

licited small deed", and immediately three tantalizing roads of thought invite you. Try it.

We found this concoction of garrul on the back cover—of all places—of our Macaulay's "Johnson"! "His address was marked for its lack of"—can you handle it?—"polite ambiguity."

This half mile long column of half-witticisms is saved from another half mile by a kindly printer's scissors. Anyway—you'll die at this one—it has been a lot of pun writing it.

CHEESE IT

No more will cheese and mustard ease
My stomach's midnight dearth,
And Swiss and Roquefort will no more
Expand my ample girth;

For the doctor said I can't be fed
On any cheesy ware,
And victuals vegetal and meaty
Alone shall be my fare.

Now Limburger will amount to nil
In all my future forage,
And Cream and Edam will become
Merely ice-box storage.

And Swiss on rye for me shall die
Except in thoughts of yore;
And Leiderkranz and crackers must
Be eaten—nevermore.

But though I'll live on the vegetive,
Lest I waste my doctor's fees,
I'll not forget the greater joy
That lies in eating cheese.

Charles Kline, Jr. '36



a fairy tale

WELL children here it is snowy, blowy, puffy, huffy, stormy, windy march and i am going to tell you youngsters (no killing looks now) a little fable.

once in the dear dead past when a soph named rasputin was out skiing, he encountered some difficulty (p.s. this means he had a fall.) he had been going along very smoothly when suddenly—biff bing crash! with a loud scream he hit a tree and started to do an aerial flip-flop—no percival, not under the snow i said aerial—when he emerged from this chaos he discovered that he was still in one (1) piece but that there was a hole in his stocking as big as an eighty-five cent piece. he stood agape. there was the hole but where was the piece that went in it he looked around—nothing doing he was becoming quite dismayed about the loss—when "a-ha" said a voice "sleeping in study hall are you? well go to the office and don't come back in a hurry," and these words end our fairy tale.

and now if you will all promise not to throw spitballs in study hall or flash mirrors either edgar—say who do you think you are? and will stop chiseling and do at least one-third of your homework, i will bid you tallyho until next month.

the steward's fren'
ant kitty

AUNT KITTY'S DIRECTORY OF FAMOUS EDUCATORS

MISS ELIZABETH MORRIS

Domain: 242

Subject: English

Great accomplishment: Once had a student who did "very good" work.

Famous saying: "Very fair."

Second ditto: "All have equal rights in this studyhall!"

Present pastime: Endeavoring to convince P. H. S. pupils that they have no rights at all as they are but one-seventeen-hundredth of the school.

MR. THEODORE HERBERG

Domain: 105

Subject: Math (of all sorts)

Great accomplishment: Never gave up trying to make people believe that X times X does not give $2X$.

Famous saying: "We'll have a test, tomorrow."

Second ditto: "This homework ought to take only about three minutes but spend a half-hour on it if necessary."

Present pastime: Advertising the Faculty Play in Latin, French, English, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Hungarian, Japanese, Arabic, and Algebra.

March, 1935

[33]

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SPECIAL ICE CREAM CAKES and
BRICK PACKAGES

Whitman's Dairy & Ice Cream Co.
Dial 7214

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Some broad-minded people believe there should be only two rules for the government of students: They must not burn the building or shoot members of the faculty.

* * * *

Mr. Goodwin says protasis and apodosis mean condition and conclusion—but why scare us like that?

* * * *

One student: "Honestly, now, you never would have thought this car of mine was one I had bought second-hand, would you?"

Second nut: "Never in my life. I thought you had made it yourself."

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HART WEBBER

It would be a pleasure to discover why teachers say they promised us such-and-such for homework when they mean threatened.

* * * *

Miss Morris: "Use the word 'disguise' in a sentence, John."

Arrigoni: "Dis guy's de best player in de league."

* * * *

(Returning from ski trip): "Veni, vidi, victus sum." We'll tell the world.

What!! You haven't tried D & H CONE CLEANED COAL this winter? Then you don't know about that clean, shiny, long-lived, even-burning, low-ash coal that saves a good 10% of your heat dollars a season. Order a trial ton this month and just note the difference.

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First student: "What will we do tonight?"

Second ditto: "Let's flip up a coin. Heads we go to the Sugar Bowl. Tails, movies. If it stands on end we'll study."

* * * *

"Well, well," said the minister, "so you go to school now. How far can you count, my little man?"

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, jack, queen, king."

* * * *

"Are there any questions on today's lesson?"

"Yes, teacher. What was it about?"

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there was a model high school. all the students patronized the advertisers of their school magazine, and they always mentioned the magazine when they bought anything. so all the merchants in the town advertised every month and they were very much pleased with the results and the magazine was a financial success and they all lived happily ever after.

a fairy story?
why oscar, CERTAINLY NOT

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

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Pittsfield, Mass.



Soph: "Do you think I can make one of the teams here?"

Senior: "Sure."

Soph: "Which one?"

Senior: "The gym team."

* * * *

Teacher (before quizz): "Now we'll see who are the students and who are the pupils."

* * * *

Miss Prediger (during test): "Now what's the matter?"

Harrowitz: "I was just saying, I'm not an information bureau."

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PENDER'S

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STUDENT'S PEN



MARCH-1935

Fred Riconi
1935